Lan. To be briefe, the very truth is, that the Iew hauing don me wrong, doth cauſe me as my Father, being I hope, an olde man, ſhall frutifie vnto you.

Gob. I haue heere a diſh of Doues that I would beſtow vpon your worſhip: and my ſute is——

Lan. In very briefe, the ſute is impertinent to my ſelfe, as your worſhip ſhal know by this honeſt old man, and though I ſay it, though old man, yet poore man my father.

Baſſ. One ſpeake for both, what would you?

Lan. Serue you ſir.

Gob. That is the verie defect of the matter ſir.

Baſſ. I know thee well, thou haſt obtain'd thy ſute,
Shylocke thy maſter ſpoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment
To leaue a rich Iewes ſeruice, to become
The follower of ſo poore a Gentleman.

Lan. The old Prouerbe is very well parted between my maſter *Shylock* and you ſir, You haue the grace of God ſir, and hee hath enough.

Baſſ. Thou ſpeakſt it well. Go Father with thy ſonne,
Take leaue of thy old maſter, and enquire
My Lodging out. Giue him a Liuery
More garded then his fellowes, ſee it done.

Lan. Father in, I cannot get a ſeruice, no, I haue a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in *Italy* haue a fairer table which doth offer to ſweare vppon a booke, I ſhall haue good fortune. Go too, heere's a ſimple line of life, here's a ſmal trifle of wiues: Alas, fifteene wiues is nothing, eleuen VViddowes and nine maids, is a ſimple comming in for one man, and then to eſcape drowning thrice, and to be in perill of my life with the edge of a feather-bed, heere are ſimple ſcapes: well, if Fortune bee a woman, ſhee's a good wench for this geere. Father, come, ile take my leaue of the Iew in the twinkling of an eye.

Exit Clowne.

Baſſ. I pray thee good *Leonardo* thinke on this,
Theſe things being bought, and orderly beſtow'd,

Returne

Returne in haſt, for I do feaſt to night,
My beſt eſteem'd acquaintance, hie thee, go.

Leon. My beſt endeuors ſhall be done heerein. *Exit*

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Maſter.

Leon. Yonder ſir he walkes.

Gra. Signior *Baſſanio.*

Baſſ. *Gratiano?*

Gra. I haue a ſute to you.

Baſſ. You haue obtain'd it.

Gra. You muſt not deny me, I muſt go with you to *Belmont.*

Baſſ. Why then you muſt. But heare thee *Gratiano,*
Thou art too wilde, too rude, and bold of voice,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch eies as ours appeare not faults,
But where thou art not knowne. Why there they ſhew
Something too lib'rall: prethee take paine
To allay with ſome cold drops of modeſtie
Thy skipping ſpirit, leſt through thy wilde behauiour
I be miſconſtred in the place I go to,
And loſe my hopes.

Gra. Signior *Baſſanio,* heare me:
If I do not put on a ſober habite,
Talke with reſpect, and ſweare but now and than;
Weare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely,
Nay more, while Grace is ſaying, hood mine eies
Thus with my hat, and ſigh, and ſay Amen:
Vſe all the obſeruance of ciuility,
Like one well ſtudied in a ſad oſtent
To pleaſe his Grandam, neuer truſt me more.

Baſſ. Well, we ſhall ſee your bearing.

Gra. Nay but I barre to night, you ſhall not gage me
By what we do to night.

Baſſ. No that were pitty,
I would entreate you rather to put on

Your